The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earſt haue borne the load,
The flauiſh weight of that controlling Prieſt:
Who at his pleaſure tempered them like waxe
To carry armes on danger of his curſe,
Banding their ſoules with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages paſt
(Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)
Haue run into a thouſand acts of ſhame.
But now for confirmation of our State,
Sith we haue proind the more then needfull braunch
That did oppreſſe the true well growing ſtocke,
It reſteth we throughout our territories
Be reproclaimed and inueſted King.

Pemb. My Liege, that were to buſie men with doubts,
Once were you crown'd proclaim'd, and with applauſe
Your Citie ſtreetes haue ecchoed to the eare,
God ſaue the King, God ſaue our Soueraigne *Iohn*.
Pardon my feare, my cenſure doth inferre,
Your Highneſſe not depos'd from Regall State,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it ſhould meane to haue you crownd againe.

Iohn. *Pembrooke* performe what I haue bid thee doe,
Thou knowſt not what inducteth me to this,
Eſſex goe in and Lordings all be gone
About this taske, I will be crownd anon.

Enter the Baſtard.

Iohn. What newes, how doe the Abbots cheſts?
Are Friers fatter then the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Church-men, had they gold or no?
Tell me how hath thy office tooke effect?

Phil. My Lord, I haue perform'd your Highnes charge,
The eaſe bred Abbots and the bare-foote Friers,
The Monks, the Priors, and holy cloyſtred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth,
Till I had tythd and told their holy hoords.

I doubt not when your Highneſſe
You may proportion all their fort
Iohn, Why ſo, now ſorts it *Phi*
This ſmall intruſion into Abbey tr
Will make the Popelings excomm
Curſe, ban, and breath out damned
As thicke as haile-ſtones for the Sp
But yet as ſharmeleſſe and withou
As is the eccho of a Canons crack
Diſchargde againſt the battlement
But what newes elſe befell there ?

Baſt. Strange newes my Lord:
Neere *Pomfret* is a Prophet new ſp
Whoſe diuination volleis wonders
To him the Commons throng wit
He ſets a date vnto the Beldames
Preſcribes how long the Virgins d
Diſtinguiſheth the mouing of the
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rit
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth ple
Of fate, of fortune, life and death
With ſuch aſſurance, ſcruples put a
As if he knew the certaine doome
Or kept a Regiſter of all the deſti

Ioh. Thou telſt me maruels, w
the man,
We might haue queſtiond him of
Baſt. My Lord, I tooke a care
And brought the Prophet with me
He ſtaies my Lord but at the Preſe
Pleaſeth your Highneſſe, I will cal
Iohn. Nay ſtay awhile we e'l ha
A thing of weight is firſt to be per

Enter the Nobles and crowne K
God ſaue the K
Iohn, Lordings and friends ſup

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)